RIFF 3

Once upon a time in a faraway land, there lived a young boy named Joseph. Joseph was cared by his loving father and caring mother in a wooden cottage in the woods. His father was the coach for his soccer team, which he enjoyed being a part of. It gave him time to hang out with his forest friends.

One sad and gloomy night, a dark fate loomed over the household. The mother got terribly sick and had only a few days left to live. She told Joseph, “Keep doing what you love and don’t let anyone tell you to stop. I love you, my son, and I will always be with you.”

A few months have passed and Joseph’s father got remarried to a wicked woman who had two sons. She didn’t care about him the way his mother used to, and treated him like a slave. He was band from the soccer team and was forced to stay home and do the chores. His father had no idea that this was going on, for he kept coaching the team and thought that Joseph lost interest after the mother’s death.

After a tiring day of mopping the floors and doing the laundry, Joseph finally got fed up with his stepmother. He shouted out her, “Why do you have to be so cruel? I thought you loved my father and I thought you would begin to love me! I’m tired of being mistreated!” Joseph stormed off crying into the night and ran as far away as little legs could carry him.

He found his way to an old birch tree, where he fell to the ground and balled his eyes out. “Mother!” he cried. “Why did you have to leave me? I don’t know what to do anymore. I need you!” As Joseph was crying out, the wind starting blowing and a path of leaves were laid on the ground. He picked his head up and saw what was happening. He remembered what his mother told him before he passed away, that she would always be with him. With a spark of hope, he followed the wind and the leaves to a place that will finally bring him hope again.

Joseph was led to a nice home on the opposite side of the forest. He was cold and hungry by the time he made it to the front door. As he knocked on the door, the mother of the household opened it and let him in, seeing that he had no other place to go. She took him in and took care of him, as if he was her own.

A couple of months have passed and Joseph was again playing soccer, but for another team. On the day of the soccer game, he realized what team he was going to be playing against. This team was the one that his father coached. He started getting tears in his eyes when his new mother figure came up to him and said, “It will be okay my son. Go out there and play your best. Don’t worry about them, for they can’t tell you what to do.” He hugged her and went out onto the field.

As Joseph jogged onto the field, his father looked up and saw who it was. He couldn’t believe eyes, as he thought his son had passed away, just as the stepmother told him. “Joseph!” the father cried, and ran up to hug his son. “Where have you been my son? I have missed you so.” “I ran away from home and found a new family that loved and cared about me and a mother that treated me like a son.” The father looked confused, so Joseph told him the whole story about how his stepmother made him quit the team to stay home and do chores.

His father was furious! He couldn’t believe his new wife did that to his son. “I’m really sorry Joseph,” cried the father. “Please come back to me, and we shall begin a new life with just you and me.” Joseph was relieved with what his father just told him. They hugged once more and started walking into the sunset towards the beginning of their new life. And they lived happily ever after.